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THE

PEASANTS FATE,

&c.

Eliza Hobson
Have English

THE

PEASANTS FATE:

A Rural Poem.

WITH

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

The time is come I never thought to see;
Strange revolution for my farm and me!
Farewell my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock,
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew,
No more my song shall please the rural crew!

Dryd. Virg.

BOSTON:

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Preface.

IT is of little importance to the Public what the motives may be which induce an Author to publish his Productions, whether he is excited by the solicitations of friendship, the impulse of ambition, or the spur of necessity. The work that needs an apology, will, most probably, apologize in vain. Nevertheless, as custom seems to require something, by way of Preface, a few cursory remarks may not appear superfluous.

It has been justly observed, that an attachment to the place of our nativity,—to the scenes of childhood and of youth,—is a branch of the *amor patriæ*, congenial not only to the glowing bosom of the Poet, but to the heart of every worthy man: yet will local description fail of its attraction, unless happily connected with incident and sentiment.

The changes in rural life and manners, which have taken place in this country, in the course of a few years, furnish ample matter for reflection and regret. The spirit of avarice and monopoly has possessed almost all ranks and degrees of people, and appears to have rendered the heart callous to the feelings of humanity. The drift of this little attempt is principally designed, (without adverting to political argument,) to shadow forth the evils arising to the peasantry of this country, from the system of engrossing small farms, and driving the hereditary occupiers to the necessity of embracing a maritime or military life for support, or being reduced to the most abject state of dependence, and submitting to the galling hardship of becoming *servants* on the spot where they once had been *masters*.

The introduction and progress of luxury, have likewise materially affected the

comforts of the lower orders of society; and though our refinements may have advanced trade and commerce, these cannot effectually counterbalance the injury done to husbandry and agriculture, which have been very properly called the natural sources of the riches of every nation.

The character of this Poem is purely *English;* the good sense of the present age having prevailed over ancient prepossession, in favour of far-fetched subjects, of the Arcadian cast, which have to boast neither of nature nor truth. Shepherds and shepherdesses, in a state of perfect happiness, bowers of unfading bliss, and streams of inexhaustable pleasure, exist no longer, but in the wild vagaries of Imagination; and the majority of mankind has become weary of following her through long labyrinths, which resemble "passages that lead to nothing*." A THOMSON,

* See Gray's "Long Story."

a GOLDSMITH, and a COWPER, with others, of a later date, have pointed out a track, which might still be pursued with pleasure and with interest. Rural poetry should speak the language of Nature; and classic Criticism has of late, learned to relax his rigid brow, at the native wild notes of the British muse. The opinion of a living writer* of eminent taste and ability, coincides with these remarks, when he says, "It might readily be supposed that he, who was alive to the beauties of rural imagery, who possessed a just taste in selecting the most striking and picturesque features of the objects around him, would find, in the inexhaustible stores of Nature, ample materials for decoration, while incidents, of sufficient simplicity and interest, neither too coarse on the one hand, nor too refined on the other, adapted to the country, and tinged with national man-

* Dr. Drake, in his "Literary Hours."

ners and customs, might, with no great difficulty, be drawn from *fact*, or arranged by the fancy of the poet.—If rural life no longer presents us with shepherds singing and piping for a bowl or crook, why persist, in violation of all probability, to introduce such characters ?—If pastoral cancannot exist without them, let us cease to compose it !"

Most happily for the cause of humanity, since the preperation of these sheets for the press, the sword of War has been sheathed, and a check put to the effusion of human blood. That the hand of Peace may bind up the wounds, and redress the evils, herein too justly lamented, is the Poet's earnest orison, and must be the ardent prayer of every lover of his country.

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THE

PEASANTS FATE.

BOOK I.

COME, blest companion of my happiest hours!
Divine directress of my infant pow'rs!
Whose presence charm'd me in the woodland shade,
When autumns shivering leaf began to fade,
Or Spring, profusely, from her roseate horn,
Dispens'd the flow'rs that scent the humid morn;
MUSE *of my native valley!* haste along;
Awake Remembrance, and inspire the song!
Let fond attachment dwell on pleasures past,
By absence weaken'd, nor by time effac'd:
But, while I mark the changes that appear
In country manners, O, forgive the tear!
Where yonder thymy down expanded lies,
And spreads its purple bosom to the skies,
There many a shepherd-boy was wont to keep
His father's scanty flock of scatter'd sheep:
I've seen them oft their narrow track pursue,

And wind adown those knolls to pastures new,
Or, group'd beneath the solitary thorn,
That lends new fragrance to the breath of morn,
Lie panting—shelter'd from the pest'ring fly,
The smoth'ring dust, and Day's refulgent eye—
Young Ralp's domain to yonder maple hedge
Extended—Edmund's, to the common's edge—
The common, clad with vegetative gold,
Whose well-dried-stores allay the wintry cold;
Whence ev'ry family its portion claims,
To fence the hovel or recruit the flames—
From path to path, that winds along the plain,
The cheerful Stephen held his rustic reign;
While, still observant of his due commands,
In act to start, the faithful *Keeper* stands.(*a*)
Numbers, beside, there led their bleating charge,
Enjoy'd their pastimes gay, and rov'd at large;
But now no more these rural scenes invite,
Far diff'rent objects meet the aching sight;
In all the pomp of sanguinary war,
I see the military bands, afar,
Extend their glitt'ring lines, or, wheeling wide,
In parallel divide and sub-divide,
While, thro' the op'ning ranks, loud martial strains,
Progressive, roll along the dusty plains,
Which yield no pasture to the fleecy kind,

That distant range, their juicy meal to find.
Scar'd from her haunts the twitt'ring linnet flies,
The quiv'ring lark ascends the smould'ring skies,
And finches, that on downy thistles feed,
Spread their gilt wings, and seek the silent mead.
Hence, let me turn, and down the well-known vale
Direct my steps and all my soul regale!
'Twas here I first beheld th' etherial ray,
And, sorrowing, enter'd Life's precarious way,
Unconscious, o'er a Father's timeless bier,
In childhood doom'd to shed the ready tear,
Nor long a Mother's arms,—so Heav'n ordain'd,—
The orphan Mourner piously sustain'd;
But He, whose mercy over all presides,
Provided early friends, and faithful guides,
For whom, till life's warm tide forgets to flow,
This beating breast with gratitude shall glow.
Ye dreams of youthful Fancy, ever dear!
Sources of many a rapture-giving tear!
How have ye conjur'd up your fairy train,
And mov'd my fondly-swelling heart in vain?
"Here," have I said,—for still I lov'd the shade
Of country life, and shunn'd the world's parade;
"Here would indulgent Heav'n my wish befriend,
"Th' allotted portion of my days I'd spend;
"The ash, the elm, beneath whose infant boughs,

" The school-boy oft the vig'rous sports would
" rouse,
" With him grown old its sturdy limbs should spread,
" Umbrageous, bending o'er his hoary head ;
" The gay coevals of his ruddy prime
" Should lead him down the devious dale of time ;
" And the same yews that o'er his parents wave,
" Should drop their dews upon his peaceful grave."
Here could Imagination ever dwell,
And tune to rural themes the vocal shell ;
Themes ever dear ! congenial to the heart,
Wild as her numbers, lovely as her art !
But fate forbids :—yet let not pride disdain
The village poet, or his pensive strain.
Lo ! where yon blooming orchards amply spread,
My native cottage shows its thatch-crown'd head ;
Along the plaister'd wall the woodbine blows,
And its rich foilage round the casement throws ;
In which, at early peep of blue-ey'd day,
With crest elate, the Robin trills his lay.
While, (so tradition says,) a curse shall fall
On him who dares the minstrel sweet enthral !
Behind, the thorn-fenc'd garden spreads its store,
The rill, forever gurgling, flows before.
Delightful spot ! where my forefathers spent
Their honest days in labour and content :

Health strung their nerves, and exercise conspir'd
To give those pleasures which their hearts desir'd.
That fav'rite garden was their early pride,—
Their cloves, their pinks, all others far outvied,—
Ambitious they, the choicest flow'rs to rear,
That form a Sunday nosegay for the fair;
For they could bid their gay creation rise,
And dip their fringy bells in Iris' dyes,
Tho' strangers to the scientific rules
Of tutor'd florists, or of pedant schools.
Hence too, they drew their vegetable cheer,
Thro' all the changes of the circling year;
When Ceres deck'd her brows with corn-flow'rs wild,
And ripening harvests round the country smil'd,
They snatch'd the sickle, foremost of the swains,
Outvied their peers, and stripp'd the loaded plains:
When tawny Autumn shook the orchard round,
And foaming vats with *Britiſh nectar* crown'd,
They cull'd the choicest fruits for winter's store,
And jocund home the groaning baskets bore;
Nor envied they the wealth that greatness owns,
Nor cumbrous pomp that waits on grandeur's sons;
Parties and politics, that fire the breast
Of modern meddlers, ne'er disturb'd their rest:
No vain anticipating pang they knew,
Nor bade, with pain, departing joys adieu!

The *present bliss* each far-fetch'd care defied,
And Nature's simplest gifts their wants supplied.
I well remember, from my earliest day,
The pleasing scenes where childhood lov'd to stray;
And how maturer youth, with fancy wild,
The light-wing'd hours of innocence beguil'd,
When all was *novelty*, and o'er the mind
The transient trouble left no trace behind.
Where humming bees their pleasing murmurs keep,
Where glitt'ring streamlets trickle down the steep,
Where rocks, projecting o'er the dark-green main,
Present a bound to Neptune's watery reign,
Th' inspiring song of melancholy Gray,
Or rural Thomson's soul-dissolving lay;
Or, higher still, great Milton's hallow'd strain,
Or Shakespear's wild-notes would my mind detain.
Up the long lawn, the narrow path I trace,
To where the sloping hill the tall woods grace,
Beneath whose shade the rustic stile I see,
O'er which I clamber'd, when from school set free,
With many a gay companion in my train,
To pluck wild strawberries thro' the sylvan reign,
Returning late, an ever-welcome guest,
To fill the milk-bowl with a fragrant feast,
Tho' often warn'd to shun the loit'rers crime,
Who, heedless of the stealing step of Time,

Marks not the sun the western skies forsake,
Till gath'ring darkness bids his bosom quake;
For, where that stunted elm erects its head,
A poor unhappy villager, 'tis said,
With moody madness, louring on his brows,
Himself suspended to its barren boughs;
And there, at midnight hour, when howls the storm,
Leans o'er the creaking gate, the ghostly form,
With saucer eyes, and clotted hair uprear'd,
Around whose neck the strangling cord appear'd:
Nor whip, nor spur, can urge the traveller's horse
To face the spectre, or pursue his course;
Restive, he rears, impatient of the rein,
And snorts, and wheels, and flings, and rears again;
But if, afar, some cock's shrill voice should rise,
In sulph'rous flames th' accursed spirit flies!

Oft has my Grandam begg'd me to refrain
From boyish pranks, which give another pain;
For still her heart to sympathy inclin'd,
Benevolently felt for all mankind;
And oft, affectingly, would she recite
The tale of SIMON and the Fiery Sprite!

'Twas in her prime, when simpler manners reign'd,
And at their board plain farmers entertain'd
The village taylor, oft, whose stated care,
The rustic wardrobe kept in due repair,

The dext'rous SIMON, late one Christmas eve,
Receiv'd his groat, and took respectful leave,
With ale replenish'd, and with bosom warm,
The ploughman's lantern dangling on his arm:
Tho' moon nor stars dispens'd one cheering ray,
He, whistling homeward, urg'd his ready way.
The barn, the cow-house, and the bridge he past,
And reach'd the solitary lane at last,
Beneath whose mould'ring banks, at even-tide,
'Tis said, a restless ghost was wont to glide:
Where oaks, o'er-arching, form a deeper shade,
And rising breezes rustle thro' the glade;
'Midst the quick hedge a ghastly form he spies,
With bald, transparent head, and hollow eyes,
The mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
With long, black teeth abundantly supplied.
A rushing horror curdled all his blood;
Fast beat his heart, his hair erected stood;
His knees, that now together 'gan to smite,
Could scarce assist him in his backward flight;
His lantern meets an interposing post—
In stench and smoke the welcome light is lost;
While clanking chains, to aggravate his fears,
Pour their dread discord on his startled ears!
His implements of trade, where'er he trod,—
Goose, shears, and bodkin, strew'd the darksome road;

One short ejaculation 'scap'd his tongue,
And prone on earth he stretch'd his length along!
The wags, alarm'd, burst from their sly retreat,
And rais'd their trembling victim on his feet;
To calm his fears, the *hollow turnip* bore;
And show'd the chains, that on their arms they wore.
In vain!—At home arriv'd, he sought his bed,
Where many a painful, feverish month he led,
And still, whene'er this fatal day return'd,
The same sensations in his bosom burn'd!
Few years are past, since, on the paddock green,
Beneath the hill, that old farm-house was seen,
Round which the barley-mows and wheat-ricks rose,
And cattle sought refreshment and repose,
The cock, proud marching with his cackling train,
Sought the barn-door, to pick the scatter'd grain;
The trotting sow her spotted offspring led,
And gobbling turkeys rear'd the crimson head.
The mistress there, and blooming daughters, drest
In russet stuffs, their new-made cheeses prest,
Summon'd the swine the full repast to share,
And rais'd their poultry with assiduous care,
From whose increase their private fortune grew,
Their ancient right, and still acknowledg'd due;
While in the fields *young Maſter* held the plough, (*b*)

Form'd the square load, or trod the fragrant mow:
Familiar still, he crack'd the ready joke,
And sure applause attended all he spoke.
For change sometimes, with unremitting care,
He led his healthful flock to pastures fair,
Along the green-wood's verge would guard the fold
From crafty foxes and marauders bold;
The helpless lambs, with tender toil, would guide
To shelt'ring bush, or hay-stacks's sunny side:
In herbs and simples he was skill'd full well,
He taught their virtues crude disease to quell;
And, on the festive eve of shearing, heard
His praise proclaim'd, his noblest, best reward!
By rains confin'd, the sounding flail he plied,
Nor scorn'd the meanest lab'rer by his side.
All day the rustic clamour fill'd the air,
And Health, Content, and Cheerfulness, were there.

Ye, who have seen your country's better days,
When many an envying nation spoke her praise—
Think ye her sons were then more brave, more wise,
More firmly bound by patriotic ties?—
Or is it our refinement to maintain,
That now the rich oppress—the poor complain?(c)
If so—O, perish the detested cause!—
Bend only we to God, and Nature's laws!

Four miles from hence, across an odorous down,

Snug in the valley, lies the market-town,
From whence the humble hamlets, far and nigh,
Once in the week, their casual wants supply.
Thither our *Farmer* oft dispatch'd his team,
Ere the red east shot forth its golden gleam,
To bear his groaning gran'ry's choicest store—(*d*)
Its price adapted for the neighb'ring poor,
Whom, in all dealings, he remember'd still,
Nor deign'd, by sordid arts, his purse to fill—
O, fair example! now no longer known,
Since grasping Av'rice serves *herself* alone!
The distant music of the waggon bells
Resounds in mellow echoes down the dells,
The hoarse horn warning, from th' approaching wain,
To shun th' encounter in the narrow lane.
And, lo! the dairy mare is taught to wait,
With docile patience, at the barton gate;(*e*)
Where she receives, in creaking panniers stow'd,
Eggs, poultry, butter, cream—a precious load!
And, mounting from an elm's fall'n trunk, the dame
Takes her proud seat, nor sighs for loftier fame.
One fav'rite ploughboy trudges by her side,
With wicker-basket, plenteously supplied;
His songs, his tales, excite the mistress' smiles,
And, o'er the dusty road, the hour beguiles.

But, O, what rapture in each bosom wrought,
Whene'er the due-revolving seasons brought
The morn of make, or fair! From sleepless night
They rose, impatient, ere the grey morn's light.
Collecting all the pleasure-loving train,
To share the joys and pastimes of the plain.
In milk-white frock, and buckskin breeches, clean,
The lusty ploughman rous'd his bosom's queen:
Wak'd from sweet dreams, she hears the rattling glass,
And at her lattice peeps,—a bonny lass!
The wakeful dairy maid, on anxious watch,
Starts, as her shepherd lifts the clattering latch;
And, while in his her trembling hand is prest,
The half-form'd paſſion heaves her labr'ing breast.
Their's the pure bliss the virtuous only prove,
Unfelt, untasted by *licentious love*,
Which, like the baleful ivy, 'midst its joys,
Its object clasps, and while it clasps, destroys.
From ev'ry village, trooping damsels come,
In native charms, and blushing beauty's bloom,
Unknown to *gossip Fame*, or seldom seen
Beyond the precincts of the cottage green.
So, in the mossy dell, coy violets rise,
Beneath the influence soft of April skies,
Sweet breathing only for the pensive swains

Who trace, at early dawn, the lonely plains;
While foxgloves tall ascend, in storied pride,
And flaunt unheeded, by the pathway side.
From cold restraint and ceremony free,
The dame, the master, shine with equal glee,
When first the scene of rustic joy appears,
Where youth forgets its toil, and age its cares,
And, while they see their poor dependants blest,
A more exalted pleasure thrills the breast.
High on the hill, whose ever verdant brow
O'erlooks the flood, the heath, the woods, below,
Up whose steep side, in Sunday robes array'd,
The happy peasent leads his happier maid,
Behold the booths arise, in comely rows,
And barb'rous paintings mark the place of *shows*,
Where growls the bear, and where the lion's roar,
With sudden panic, strikes the gaping boor;
Or all the puppet prodigies advance,
With Punch to combat, or with Joan to dance;
While the craz'd organ's ever-drawling strain,
In magic shackles, binds th' admiring train!
But, O, for those, whom cruel fate denies
To share the bliss this mirthful morn supplies!—
The pouting younkers, doom'd at home to stay,
Promis'd to take their turn another day,
Impatient, till the evening glooms prevail,
Watch at the wicket, down the dark'ning dale,

Anxious th' expected fairing to behold,—
Knife, book, or toy, bedropp'd with glitt'ring gold;
Or ribbon, particolour'd, pink or blue—
Distinctive tribute—long to merit due;
For pride in every little bosom reigns,
But their's the pride that modesty restrains:
Unlike the *modern Farmer's* daughters they—
For whom the alter'd mansion rises gay,
Divested of the rustic scenery round,
While shrubs exotic form the verdant bound,
Or Chinese rails, at modish distance keep
The lowing heifer and the nibbling sheep:
These, who purloin their brightest charms from art,
And scorn what Nature's simple rules impart,
Who shine at essenc'd ball, or crowded play,
But faint at fragrance of the clover hay;—
Torture French idioms, or, perforce, aspire,
With well-curv'd hand, to strike the sounding wire;
Hear with disgust the skylark's trembling throat,
Or darkling nightingale's melodious note;—
Taught to despise the humble household trade,
For daubing landscapes, or the fond parade
Of spinning senseless sonnets to the Nine—
A task more vain, more profitless than *mine!*
Once more I turn, the worthy group to view,
In *duty's* path—for still they dar'd pursue
That narrow track, with Conscience for their guide;

Fashion nor Folly drew their steps aside :—
E'en lisping babes, amid the daily care,
Were taught to lift their little hands in prayer :
To Him, from whom the stream of mercy flows,
Each morn, each eve, their grateful hymns arose.
For others' woes the warmest tear they shed,
And, cheerful, dealt to beggar'd Want their bread ;
Still taught to know, that *yet* the hour might come,
When *they* should need a parent, friend, or home.
And when the day, to pure devotion due,
Return'd—to that accustom'd period true—
Methinks I see them, in their best array,
Forth issuing, down the lawn, pursue their way.
Young Beauty smiles on ev'ry female cheek—
A simple ribbon binds their tresses sleek,
While not a wish their tranquil bosoms bear,
To deck, with Asia's radiant gems, their hair ;
Or, imitative of the courtly rage,
Disguise its honours with the *frost* of age.
One bears the hallow'd book, in which appear
Names, births, and deaths, in character most clear,
With pious hand, from sire to son transferr'd,
And kept from injuries with a choice regard.
Thro' their own corn-field brown they wind along,
With frequent greetings from the passing throng,
'Till rising, rude, beside the deep-worn way—
Where lounging youths and village damsels stray,

Where shepherds meet, from weekly toil repriev'd,
And sun-burnt cowboys, for the hour reliev'd,
While mellow bells, with oft-revolving chime,
Proclaim the near approach of service time—
Lash'd by the wintry storms of countless years,
The moss-grown tower, in lonely site, appears.
The rev'rend *Pastor*, now advancing slow,
Notes with respect each salutation low:
Tho' pure his doctrines, with instruction fraught,
"His life adorn'd the doctrines which he taught."
Far from his flock, he idled not his days,
Like modern teachers, lost in pleasure's ways—
Triflers! regardless of their sacred charge,
Who leave it to the enemy at large!—
Good will and charity for *all* he bore,
And sigh'd sincerely, when he could no more.
But whence this change? The path with grass o'er-
grown,
The mould'ring tombs, the fences broken down,
While delving hogs, and toil-worn horses tread
The regions of the undistinguish'd dead—
The vicarage walls with streaks of green defil'd,
The windows hid with weeds and nettles wild?
The ample garden, long in deep decay,
Exhibits now no more its sun-flowers gay;
Tulips nor hollyhocks flaunt in summer pride,
Nor raspberry thickets grace its southern side.

A *richer cure* the wealthy *Rector* shares,
And to an ill-paid stranger leaves his cares;
While to the distant watering-place he hies,
Or dissipations of the city tries:
Once in the year the *needful* visit pays,
And thro' some long-forgotten sermon strays;
While, round the yawning congregation, fly
Somnific spells, and light on ev'ry eye!

How shall the Muse her indignation spare,
When Pride and Av'rice Merit's honours wear?
Fain would she plead the worthy *Curate's* cause,
To scanty income bound by narrow laws,
Who, while he deals th' eternal bread of life,
Hears clamorous infants and a virtuous wife
Demand, in vain, their perishable food,
And claim the bounty of the kind and good:
Think what the mind intelligent must feel!
How deep the wound—how difficult to heal!

O ye! who love religion's hallow'd name,
Awake in kindred breasts a generous shame;
Nor longer let a blushing land forbear,
To sooth the suff'rings of those sons of Care!

Beneath yonelders, furr'd with black'ning smoke,
The sinewy *Smith*, with many a labour'd stroke,
His clinking anvil plied, in shed obscure,
And truant schoolboys loiter'd round the door.
There would the swains, on wintry eve, retire,

To warm their limbs, and blow the rumbling fire;
While various tales their proffer'd toil repaid,
And vast improvement to the mind convey'd;
For much of life th' experienced sage had seen,
In peace and war, since royal Anne was queen;
And much, of fights and shipwrecks sad, he told—
Of burning mountains and of Scythian cold—
Of spectre forms, that haunt the convent's gloom
Or fiends that glare around the murderer's tomb!
But now the sledge, the file, no more resounds;
No more the ploughboy, from the neighb'ring grounds,
At evening, trudges with the blunted share,
Or broken traces, to receive repair.
Poor stumbling *Ball* no more shall thither plod,
And dozing wait, in patience, to be shod.
The fertile lawn, of idly-pamper'd steeds,(*f*)
A useless race, for false ambition, breeds.
The fallow lands, where cheerful peasants earn'd
Their weekly bread, to proud plantations turn'd,
Forget to yield their auborn crops of grain,
That fill'd the petty farmer's early wain,
When, on his ambling nag, he took his round,
With flaggon to the tatter'd saddle bound,
Replenish'd well with hearty home-brew'd ale,
The toil contending reapers to regale.
Now into one a hundred fields are thrown,

Their tenants banish'd, and their pleasures flown!
To crowded towns, the poor mechanic strays,
To spend the sickly evening of his days;
Or hostile fields, or boist'rous seas, he proves—
A hapless exile from the scenes he loves;
While Recollection ever to his mind
Presents those comforts he has left behind!
True, an unhappy *remnant* still remains,(g)
Which grudging Pride with scanty dole sustains,
A hopeless race, that own yon bleak abode,
Of Grief and Care, beside the public road,
Propp'd are whose leaning walls, whose hanging door
Drags heavy, jarring on the earthen floor;
Keen thro' the shatter'd casements cold winds blow,
The half-stripp'd roof admits the whirling snow;
Scarce, on the gloomy hearth, one lingering spark
The cricket cheers, or gilds his cavern dark;
While, shivering round, the wretched inmates stand—
A ragged, meagre, pale, dejected band!
Here is the man who wealthy days has seen;
Here is the widow—once the village queen;—
Here too, the damsel, who, in guardless hour,
Fell a sad victim to Seduction's pow'r!
Curst be the villain, whose insidious art
Tainted her virgin purity of heart,

Then left her, thus, to shame, reproach, and grief,
Sure only in the grave to find relief:—
Here orphans bend to Poverty's hard laws,
Whose fathers perish'd in their Country's cause!
Wives, anxious wives! for distant husbands mourn,
In vain anticipating their return!
Mothers, of their last duteous sons bereft,
Without one hope, or consolation left;
With numbers more, whose tale but to disclose,
Would swell "the catalague of human woes."

In genial climes, where softer seasons reign
Amid the bosom of the placid main,
Where never commerce nor the Arts deign'd smile
On the rude natives of some lonely isle,
Well might the wood, the cave, or clift afford
Sufficient shelter to the wand'ring hoard;
But in this land of elegance and ease,
Where all that sweetens life conspires to please,
Can polish'd man, behold his fellows pine,
In scenes like these,—and every joy resign?—
Beneath the torturing passions' cruel strife,
To languish out the poor remains of life?

Oh, happy land! ere Luxury learnt to roam,
In quest of pleasures, better sought at home,
Where Heav'n, impartial, spreads her blessings wide,
Nor, captious, sets her meanest sons aside;
Say,—do the purple borders of the Rhine,

Or Arno's sides with brighter fruitage shine,
Than thine own vales?—Hesperian vineyards fair
Boast fresher streams, or breathe a purer air?
What, tho' the Ganges' hallow'd tide be roll'd(h)
O'er rocks of diamond, and o'er sands of gold,—
Tho' ancient Nile, with fructifying waves,
An earthly paradise unfailing laves;
Behold *our* fields, with glorious harvests crown'd;
Voluptuous meads, where fat'ning herds abound;
Those plains, where Pan his fleecy charge attends,
The countless stores that rich Pomona sends:—
Then say,—shall ALBION envy other climes,
Or mourn inglorious, her degenerate times?
Yes—*mourn* she must! For, lo! a venal band
On Nature's bounty lay the griping hand,
Wrest from the poor the patrimonial cot,
His paddock add to their superfluous lot,
Meanly dependent, bid him seek his bread,
While, Timur-like, their vassal down they tread,(i)
Frustrate the scheme wise Providence has plann'd,
And half depopulate their native land!

Have you no bowels—you, who claim the name
Of *Man?* Or different is your mental frame,
Whose ears, unmov'd, can hear the voice of woe,
Whose eyes behold the streams of sorrow flow?
How shall *you* lift those hands to *Mercy's* throne,
Which ne'er to deal her liberal gifts were known?

Vice and Corruption, bane of ev'ry state,
Attend the will, and hurl the bolts of Fate;
Yet, tho' thick clouds involve her laurell'd head,
And tenfold darkness round her throne is spread,
Tho' wars and tumults menace as they roll,
Shake the deep centre, and convulse the pole,
Say—will the God of Ages, who so long
Has propp'd her state, and bade her tow'r be strong,
Let *Britain* sink, to swift destruction hurl'd,
Example awful to a wond'ring world?—
Almighty Pow'r! by whose eternal hand(*h*)
Kingdoms, or states, or empires, fall or stand;
O, spare my country! Fix her hopes on Thee,
And let her still be *glorious, great,* and *free!*

THE

PEASANTS FATE:

A RURAL POEM.

BOOK II.

Argument.

Recurrence to early life. Bird-Catching. Fishing. Bathing. Poor Susan's deserted Hut. Her Calamities and Death. Squire and his Lady,—their Mansion. Old English Hospitality. Former Indulgence to the Peasantry. Rabbit-catching. Woodman. His Boys. Their Employment. Winter's Day. Woodman's Return. Futility of Happiness. Exemplification of former Remarks. Reuben's early Prospects. His Farm. Engrossing of small Farms the Cause of his Misfortunes. He embraces a military Life. Jenny's Death. Storming a Fort. Reuben's Fall in the Action. Reflections on War: Excitement to necessary Defence. Concluding Eulogy.

THE

PEASANTS FATE.

BOOK II.

STILL to my heart recurs that joyous time,
When all the gay companions of my prime
Pursued their pastimes, innocent and wild,
Devoid of care—beguiling and beguil'd,
Blythe as the morn, when first she rose to view,
And from her pinions shook ambrosial dew,
Oft, skipping down their native vale, they stray'd,
And midst the long, rank grass, insidious laid,
Watch'd the coy finch and speckled woodlark play
Beside the brook, where tangling lime-twigs lay.
High beat each heart, when on the potent spell
They hop, incautious, and reluctant dwell,
While their gay wings, in slimy fetters bound,
The little fluttering fugitives surround!
So dark Arachne, o'er the rafter'd shed,
From pois'nous bowels, draws the treach'rous thread,
On which the vagrant insect heedless flies,
And rolls her in inextricable ties.

Frequent along the margin of the stream,
Where the tall rush repell'd the noon-tide beam,
Swelt'ring, they rov'd, and threw the slender line,
Where spangled trouts thro' liquid amber shine,
Or the sly jack, in death-like stillness lies,
Where the dark bank and whispering willows rise.
Nor fear'd the youths the lonely pool to brave,
Where one rude plank, across the deep, dull wave,
Presents a dang'rous pass, o'er which the maid,
With timid step, requires her lover's aid,
Returning late from fields of tedded hay,
Or the long labours of th' autumnal day;
What time, with rustic melody, the gale,
Surcharg'd comes floating down the dewy dale;
But now, even here, as Fancy loves to range,
With melting eyes, she marks each fatal change.
See that lone hut, amid the plashy meads,
Half hid in osiers and rank shooting reeds;—
Bare are the rafters, door and windows gone,
And there the otter holds his seat alone;—
Beneath that roof erst dwelt an ancient dame—
Her only son, who bore the father's name,
Was of her widow'd age the hope and stay,
While Resignation roll'd her hours away.
For them the rivers gave their finny store,
The field its gleanings—little crav'd they more—
White willow baskets skilfully they fram'd,

For market traffic, thro' the village fam'd,
And, in the bosom of sweet solitude,
Shar'd the calm joys that charm the wise and good.
Now bend your view to where, with rumbling sound,
The gloomy mill-wheel turns reluctant round,
Dashing, with feathery spray, the stream it laves,
And stirring tempests in the troubled waves;
Near there it was, returning from the fair,
At which he annually produc'd his ware,
Poor Roger, on a dark and starless night,
Mistook his way, and rov'd in hopeless plight:
The miller and his mill, in peace repos'd,
And not a cot one twinkling ray disclos'd;
The banks were slipp'ry and the wear was full—
Still was the stream, and deep the sluggish pool!
His mother watch'd, till daybreak, all alone,
Lamenting dolefully her absent son,
And he return'd not!—But when morning rose,
To fill the measure of her mighty woes,
She learnt,—the Gamekeeper who that way pass'd,
Some footsteps to the river's brink had trac'd,
And sounding, with his fording-pole, (*I*) around,
At the mill-head the bloated body found!
Alas! poor Susan!—Farewell, peace and joy!
Ten tedious years she mourn'd her duteous boy,
Oppress'd by poverty and pinching care,

For times grew hard,—too hard indeed to bear!—
And half depopulated was the vale,—
With scarce one neighbour to attend her tale,
To smooth her sad, sick bed, or with her pray,
While life's last hour was wearing fast away.
But Faith and Hope—a radiant pair!—stood by,
To waft her spirit to their native sky.
Long her misfortunes claim'd the ready tear,
And still the country holds her memory dear.

The worthy *Squire* will be remember'd long,
The theme and pride of every cottage song;
His *Lady* too,—the patroness and friend
Of all whom merit, worth, or *want* commend;
Whose heart benevolent, and lib'ral mind,
Nor prejudice nor narrow views confin'd.
With grateful joy the widow heard her voice,
Which bade e'en pale Infirmity rejoice,
While virtuous orphans, objects of her care,
Translated to her household, flourish'd fair.

Their well-known mansion, on the green hill's side,
O'erlook'd the village with a decent pride;
But not with pompous arrogance deterr'd
The meanest wretch, that there his suit preferr'd
Its windows catch the morning's orient glow,
And flash the colours of the varying bow;
Lilacs and jess'mines form a shrubb'ry round,

And showers of rose-leaves decorate the ground,
Shook from their stems, projecting from the bush,
By gold-bill'd blackbirds and the mottled thrush.
The cultur'd garden opposite is seen,
With sheltering walls, and walks for ever green;
Blossoms, or fruits, on every branch abound,
And gentlest breezes waft their fragrance round;
Where half the village shar'd in grateful toils,
And youth and age partook th' autumnal spoils;
There too, the bard has rov'd, a favour'd guest,
While youthful transports warm'd his ardent breast.
At last the bell, that tinkled from the hall,
The hospitable board was spread for all
Whom business brought, or ancient friendship led,
Secure of ungrudg'd cheer and needful bed;
Round went the mantling horn, the butler's boast
Nor one refus'd to pledge th' accustom'd toast,
Till each warm heart with thankfulness o'erflows,
And gives the tongue each secret that it knows.
Where now the park extends, and useless deer
Along the solitary glades appear,
Rich corn-fields wav'd, in spacious prospect spread,
Nor felt one villager the want of bread.
Nor then the copse its store of game denied,
Withheld by Av'rice or engross'd by Pride!—
Where the keen bill had clear'd the brushwood scene,

Of sprouting hazle, broom, and alder green.
When, thro' the bed of snow, the rude stumps shoot,
The peasant trac'd the limping leveret's foot,
Or drew his net across the pathway deep,
While boys and dogs perpetual clamour keep,
And rabbits, bolting from the thickest shade,
Caught in the toils, are struggling captives made.

In that dark season, when around the skies,
In dragon-forms, the clust'ring clouds arise;
While roaring storms in drenching floods descend,
And black-brow'd forests to their fury bend;
When scarce the crow maintains his airy seat,
Tost on the bough, where mingling tempests beat,
The *Woodman*, hid in some deep shelter'd spot,
Pursues his toil beneath his wattled cot,—
There forms the faggot, or the hurdle wreaths,
Alternate on his cold-nipp'd fingers breathes,
And claps his hands, till tingling warmth inspires
His glowing veins, and wakes their dormant fires.
Secure, he hears the slanting hail rebound
From the thatch'd roof, and rattle to the ground.
In vain the vengeful North unpitying raves,
His mustering wrath the thicket steep outbraves,
And, like the billows of the rolling main,
Yields to the blast, and sinks, and swells again.

Nor you,—who, mid the dissipated round
Of college lore, have trodden classic ground,

Pursu'd by pedant scourge thro' Lily's rules,
And all the thorny lab'rinths of the schools,—
Despise the truths the Muse delights to tell,
How in those woods the Sciences would dwell,
On Nature's bosom nurs'd, by Genius taught,
By Perseverance to perfection brought:
In shades obscure, where ne'er the voice of Fame
Blandish'd the peasant's unsuspected name,
The sire with joy his hopeful boys beheld,
In many an art beyond their fellows skill'd:
No idle intervals of time they knew,
Nor unimprov'd one heedless moment flew,
In simple psalmody they own'd no peer,
And oft would chaunt, with voices strong and clear,
The loftier anthem, thro' the toilsome day,
With variation sweet, a heav'nly lay;
Constant at church, they led the village quire,
Where sacred music set the soul on fire;
And well they knew to touch the breathing reed
To gayer notes, which sprightly dances lead,
Beneath the sycamore's soft, rustling shade,
When first the moon lights up the length'ning glade,
Shows meads, and streams, in mildest beauties dress'd,
And the young heart leaps lightly in the breast.
In darksome nights, when all the vales were still,
Their flute was heard, along the neigb'ring hill,

In concert with the attic minstrel's srain,
Expressive of her gentle bosom's pain.
E'en from the hour, that gives their frugal meal,
Some little portion, sedulous, they steal,
When *Cocker*'s rules their studious minds engage,
Rude chalk their pencil, the broad bill their page,
With various, hasty statements, scribbled o'er,
Till the bright surface would contain no more:
The ignorant heard, with wonderment profound,
How many grains would girt the globe around:
How many hours in one long age appear,
How many minutes constitute the year.
Oft, sketch'd in outline, rustic landscapes rose,
And hills and vales their various views disclose;
Scenes rudely wild, of composition new,
Devoid of art, and still to nature true.

Thus past the day; and when the ev'ning gale
Dispers'd the black clouds, sailing down the dale,
And, from the bright'ning west, a yellow ray
Strack, lightly twinkling, on the dripping spray,
They left their shed, and on the homeward road,
Pursu'd their course, beneath the rustling load
Of wither'd branches, doom'd to reinspire
Their shiv'ring limbs, and heap the crackling fire.
Impatient, peeping from the restless door,
The waiting infants ev'ry name implore;
The first sight caught, they run, they leap, they fly!

Awaken'd raptures dance in every eye,
Contentious noise and tumult fill the place,
To snatch the hand, or share the first embrace;
And round the hearth, from cares and anguish free,
Each claims a right to climb the envied knee.
O state of transport! honest and sincere,
Unmix'd with pangs that prouder bosoms bear,
By frigid forms of etiquette uncheck'd,
Undamp'd by fortune, or the world's neglect!
Warm, thro' each bosom, flows the genial tide,
By Gratitude's unfailing fount supplied.
To Him, the author of consummate good,
For needful raiment, and for daily food.
Well, if such happiness could long endure,
By change unshaken, and from ills secure!
But soon the hours of social bliss must glide,
Like airy dreams, when day-spring blushes wide;
Here, when a few short years have run their round
No longer shall this cheerful group be found,
The family, dispers'd in various climes,
Shall tell the tale, and mourn the alter'd times!
The hardy youth, that, in the brumal morn,
Amid the woodlands, heard the early horn,
Alternate twanging, aid the mingled sounds
Of dashing sportsmen, and of deep-mouth'd hounds;
That rov'd in spring, 'neath arching trees unseen,
When Flora veil'd in purple vest the green.

And like the tranquil ether was his soul,
O'er which no dark'ning clouds were known to roll,—
Torn from his home, must feel each bosom pain,
Scale the white billows of the roaring main,
Or,—lost his native peace,—in fields afar,
Learn the destructive trade of iron war.

Such, Reuben, was thy fate, my early friend!
O, could thy manes from the shades attend,
The muse to nobler numbers should aspire,
And sweep, with bold indignant hand, the lyre.
Past are the days of patriotic zeal,
When Britian's sons rejoic'd in Britian's weal;
Whenhigh-born *Pow'r* strech'd out the liberal hand,
To comfort and to raise the *Peasant band;*
When simple *Labour*, toiling at the plough,
Wore gladsome smiles upon his sweltering brow;
Nor Pride nor Av'rice breath'd their blighting breath,
To blast the buds of tender hope with death;
Might forward stood, weak *Property* to guard,
And on the heel of *Merit* trod *Reward.*

Portentous over REUBEN'S natal hour
No ruin-threat'ning storm was seen to lour:
He view'd, before his unambitious eyes,
The scenes of humble competence arise;
The equal paths his ancestors had trac'd,

The prospects dear, that rural joys embrac'd !
Of souls congenial, ere the pow'rful light
Of sacred Reason shone with influence bright,
With pure attachment on the green we play'd,
And, crown'd with kingcups, thro' the meadows
stray'd ;
From fading hazle-boughs, with sylvan crook,
In leafy storms, the glowing wild nuts shook,
And richer far than Crœsus midst his store,
The golden treasure homeward, rattling, bore.
As years increas'd, increas'd our friendship too ;
Nor cold neglect, nor dark suspicion knew ;
Alike to each young Fancy still inclin'd,
A ray of genius gleam'd on either mind ;
Lovers of Nature, at her rustic shrine
We paid our vows, and shar'd her joys divine ;
We felt her influence o'er our bosoms reign,
When dew-fring'd dasies whiten'd all the plain,
When rose in solemn pomp the full-orb'd moon,
Fair canopied, in silvery clouds, her throne ;
Or howl'd in cavern clefts the midnight blast,
And from its bottom turn'd the watery waste,
While, round the skies, the lengthen'd thunders roll
And vivid lightnings kindle up the pole !
He lov'd the Muse, nor him did she disown,
To whom her haunts and loneliest walks were known,
The early woodman, thro' the thicket bound,

When vernal violets spread a carpet round,
Oft met him in the solitary glade,
Immers'd in thought, or saw him 'neath the shade
Of ancient oak, that overhangs the brook,
Attentive mutt'ring o'er some favourite book;
For not a swain, in all the country bred,
Like him could argue, or like him had read;
The rev'rend *Vicar* oft his pow'rs confest,
And rouz'd the emulation of his breast;
Nor could the squire, suppos'd of nobler mould,
Th' inspiring tribute of his praise withhold.
Full soon in life, o'er Reuben's melting soul,
Youth's tend'rest passion unsuspected stole;
Deep thro' the winding mazes of his heart
Had Jenny's eyes discharg'd a tingling dart,
In ev'ry nerve its subtile poison glow'd,
And, love-inspir'd, his choicest numbers flow'd,
At field or fold or where the pure streams gush,
Beneath the milk-white hawthorn's odorous bush,
While, deep embosom'd in the tufted boughs,
The ruddy linnet's moss-built nurs'ry grows,
From grey-eyed morn to closing eve he hung,
Rapt on her charms, and all her graces sung.
Hail, heav'nly Passion! for, without thy aid,
The poet's art could never be display'd!
From *Thee* th' enthusiast all that fervour draws,
Which fires his verse, and wins the worlds applause.

The brook, the wood, the solitary dell,
The winding lane, the water'd mead, could tell
How REUBEN lov'd, and how the pitying fair
Reliev'd his anguish and dispell'd his care.
Soon Hymen led to consecrated bow'rs,
And strew'd their path with sweet, unfading flow'rs,
Their love,—O! how unlike that grosser flame,
Which shines in courts, and falsifies its name,
By Fortune kindled, or by Fashion fed,
Where never Truth her hallow'd influence shed;
But formal Apathy attendance keeps,
And, o'er such unions, cold Indiff'rence sleeps

A farm of small extent was Reuben's lot,
A scanty flock, and patrimonial cot!
One dappled steed was all he had to boast,
Oft rambling 'midst the broom and tall fern, lost;
Two fair fac'd cows along his meadow fed,
Hous'd nightly in the orchard's friendly shed,
When wintry winds assail'd the forest steep,
And rock'd the guiltless cottagers to sleep;
But still, on summer nights, allow'd to rove
Along the hedge-rows, near the neighb'ring grove,
To crop the fragrant flow'rets as they spring,
And, punctual to the hour, their tribute bring,
To where the dame; with pail, accustom'd waits,
Gives the known call, and open sets her gates;
Her voice shrill echoes round the distant hills,

Their low, responsive, all the valley fills;
Amid her toils, a plaintive air she chaunts,
Join'd by the early birds, from woodland haunts;
High foams the grateful nectar's fuming store,
Till the full vessel will contain no more;
Then the cool dairy, by the riv'let clear,
Demands, till breakfast hour, her tending care.
Her spouse, meanwhile, supports, with equal glee,
The ceaseless round of honest husbandry;
Various the labours various seasons claim,
The process diff'rent, but the toil the same.
In winter, thro' the dark and drizzling day,
The flail and plough, by turns, his hand obey:
When fields are hid in snow, or sunk in mire,
The hedge the ditch, his constant aid require;
Or new-fall'n lambs, a weak and trembling breed,
The hurdled cot and hourly nurture need.
When, like a blushing bride, the rosy morn,
First smil'd on floating fields of bending corn,
With poppies stain'd, or gold, or azure flow'rs,
Oppress'd with weight of night refreshing show'rs,
Forth strode the mower, with his clouted shoes,
And, from the breathing clover, dash'd the dews,
While, where he treads, afar behind, is seen,
Along the lawn, a track of darker green,
By which the later swains, with quicken'd pace,
Pursue his progress, and his footsteps trace:

When fiercer suns matur'd the nodding grain,
And forth the village pour'd its jovial train,
The hind, untir'd, thro' many a harvest day,
Ambitious, bore the reaper's palm away.
Sweet to the parching plains are summer show'rs,
Sweet to the fainting trav'ller leafy bow'rs,
Sweet to the herds the gravel-channel'd rills,
Luxuriant vales, and ever-verdant hills ;—
But sweeter far, than show'rs or shades, or streams,
Or hills, or vales, where ling'ring Fancy dreams,
Was Reuben's home, when, blest, at evening's close,
He sought his frugal meal and calm repose,
Sure from *her* bright'ning eyes, who shar'd his heart,
To meet a welcome, destitute of art.

But power, too soon, its lawless arm extends,
And to its iron sceptre Reuben bends !
His Lord, unfeeling, avaricious, vain,—
Was adding field to field, and plain to plain,
The fruitful acres he so long had till'd,
To other hands their annual produce yield ;
Another shepherd now was taught to keep
Th' augmented flocks, that graz'd the upland steep ;
No fav'rite lamb he boasts, nor round the door
The pack'ling poultry crave his bounty more ;
No longer smoky racks with flitches bend,
Or nut-brown ale awaits the Christmas friend ;
No hoarded brand to crown the wintry fire,

While mantling cups the rustic mirth inspire,
And village tales, and love-lorn songs of woe,
Melt the warm heart, and bid the bright eye flow,—
Another master owns his blissful cot,
And humblest servitude becomes his lot!
The independant spirit broken down,
Each comfort blasted! ev'ry hope o'erthrown!
What now remain'd the aching breast to cheer,
While soft Affection shed the lib'ral tear,
And cold Philosophy in vain essay'd,
With languid lore, the sinking soul to aid?
One summer morn, along his native plain,
In proud battalia, march'd the martial train,
Beat to the neighb'ring town;—their glitt'ring arms
And flowing banners spread illusive charms;
The shrilly fifes arous'd the country far,
And thund'ring drums proclaim'd the notes of war;
'Tho' sad his heart, by recent pangs oppress,
The strong emotion agitates his breast:
Despair impell'd,—away his crook he threw,
And bade the pastoral life a long adieu!
The giddy schoolboy, thus, the painted race
Of butterflies, allures, to urge the chase,—
Broke from restraint, and all the little cares
That Negligence or Disobedience bears,—
Till far from home, bewilder'd and alone,
Desponding!—lost!—he sits him down to moan.

Unusual passions through his bosom stray,
While rigid Duty calls him far away,
Destruction's sanguinary steps to trace,
And aid the carnage of the human race;
But strong affection o'er our ills will rise,
And virtuous minds unite in firmer ties:
In all his sorrows Jenny bore a part,
And follow'd Reuben with an aching heart,
Till the dark day of seperation came,
Fatal to Love and Friendship's sacred flame!
When he was summon'd to those hostile shores,
Where fell Bellona all her legions pours:
Then Jenny to her native vale return'd,
And there, in hopeless solitude, she mourn'd;
Deep in her breast Misfortune's vultures prey'd,
And soon in dust the lovely victim laid.
Still near the church-yard path her grave is seen,—
A swelling hillock cloth'd with vernal green,—
And there the swains, on Sundays, ling'ring by,
Point to the spot and heave the pitying sigh!
Hark! how, on Afric's coast, the clang of arms (*m*)
Wakens the world!—while British valour warms,
Onwards, behold th' embattled hosts advance,
The pride of England, and the scourge of France,
While the harsh trumpet, from its winding throat,
Pours, o'er the tented field, its martial note,
Impatient coursers wheel, with fiery bound, (*n*)

In dusty clouds, and shake the solid ground.
In firm array, the dauntless squadrons move,
To where, in dreadful order, rang'd above,
The brazen tubes of fate tremendous lour,
Their thunders yield, and rain a murd'rous show'r,
Thro' smoke and flame, that shroud the vale beneath,
Thin the wedg'd ranks, and glut the realms of death.
Resistless now, the crumbling breach they dare,
With desperate step, and hearts unus'd to fear,
While thirsty swords in clatt'ring contact meet,
And slipp'ry gore betrays th' impatient feet.
Mountains of dead a human bulwark form,
Obstruct the gates, and check the sanguine storm.
Till Albion's sons the dreaded charge renew,
And to proud Vict'ry a broad passage hew,
So down the Alps a snowy globe descends,
Beneath whose weight the crashing forest bends;
Some rocky peak its sudden shock sustains,
And in its thundering course awhile detains;
But yields at length,—th' augmented mass prevails,
And bears destruction to th' affrighted dales!
The sun blush'd crimson for the crimes of man,
As down the west his evening course he ran,
And darkness, gradual, o'er the mangled plain,
In solemn sadness drew her sable train;
Wide o'er the fatal soil, confus'dly spread,

The dying, hopeless, groan'd among the dead.
While no lov'd form, of relative or friend,
Tearful approach'd, the last kind aid to lend,
Rais'd the faint head, or stanch'd, with lenient art,
The life-blood ebbing from the fev'rish heart.
Predestin'd on a foreign shore to die,
The young, the brave, unknown, neglected lie;
While, on their native land,—a mournful train!—
Widows and orphans, pour their tears in vnin.
Not Cæsar's self, nor Philip's frantic son,
Nor the mad Swede, had nobler trophies won;
But Fate with undiscriminating pow'r,
Obscur'd the splendors of this golden hour:
Stretch'd on the cold, damp sod, with wounds undrest,
Bare to night dews his palpitating breast,
Fix'd on the scowling skies his rheumy eyes,
The once-blest *Village Swain*, unnotic'd, lies,
With lab'ring gasp, he draws his shorten'd breath,
Converging to the silent shades of death!
O, say, what Fiend, with hate infernal fraught,
Of horrid war th' accursed science taught?
Bade man his brother's lawful rights invade,
And in his bosom plunge the fateful blade,
Then varnish'd o'er the deed with some proud name
Of deathless Glory, and immortal Fame!

Enough, my Muse! nor stain the rural verse
With themes e'en Fancy shudders to rehearse:
Yet Sympathy's soft eye must overflow
At War's rude havoc,—sou rce of human woe!—
In vain will Charity extend her hand!
In vain soft Pity try her influence bland?—
Unseen Distress in haunts obscure must pine,
And Virtue sacrifice at Sorrow's shrine!
So he, who wields the wond'rous system, wills,—
The creature *Man* but his design fulfils.

Not that the song condemns the hostile strife
Of valorous Britons, prodigal of life,
When fierce Invasion threats their sea-girt shore,
And proud Injustice bids the battle roar!
No! let them bare the sword, and couch the lance,
And, fir'd with patriotic energy, advance
From cities crowded, and the calm retreat,
Where immemorial Peace has fix'd her seat,
Then let them hasten to their country's call,—
Wives, families, and friends, their dearest *all*
Demand their aid,—their father's laurel'd shades
Shall smile, exultant, from th' Elysiae glades;
Assisting Heav'n, their dauntless hearts inspire,
To scourge the faithless nations in their ire;
The oak-leav'd garland shall their brows adorn,
And Fame proclaim their deeds to ages yet unborn!

QUAKER'S WOOD.

A Familiar Story.

"*A tale of rural life—a tale of woes.*" Beattie.

WILD on the heath, where waves in every breeze
A clump of dark, tall firs, and here and there
A ragged colt strays through the rustling broom
With goat-like beard, and foretop yet unshorn,
Blinding his eyes,—beside the sandy way,
Where crawls the dusty waggon, who is he
That "holds deep converse" with the bending hinds,
Who shave around the edges of the bog
Broad peats, that form the peasant's wintry store?—
'Tis poor blind Daniel, garrulous and old;—
He leans upon his staff; a few white hairs
Hang lank on either ear; behind 'tis bare,
Nor Time one lock has spar'd, with decent flow,
To hide his barren cape; well kept his coat,
With ample sleeve, and spacious skirt, presents
A faithful model of the mode antique,
In days remember'd with a fond regret,
Or pleasing anguish,—and which furnish still
Abundant subject for the social hour,
Much of himself, and of his rare exploits,
With venial pride, he tells:—how he subdued

The sprightliest wrestler known at *Clerk's-ale tide;*(o)
How many yards on level ground he lept;
At back-sword, or at cudgels, how he oft
Had triumph'd; while he bore away the prize,—
Jerkin, or hat, with lace and ribbons grac'd,
Amid the plaudits of the village maids.
Far other tale detains him now, for though
The light of heav'n no more illumes his eyes,
So perfect still are his memorial pow'rs,
That in the faithful "record of his brain"
Are treasur'd up th' events of num'rous years;
And to this chronicle the curious swains,
For needful information, oft refer.
Now, so it hap'd that, 'mid their delving toils,
Beside the shaking quagmire, oft the spade
Encounter'd bones gigantic,—ribs, or legs,
Or spinal joints! With horror struck, aghast,
The rustics stand around,—till the dire fit
Subsides to sapient reasoning,—while the lore
Of sage tradition to the mind recurs,
With all its wonders!—Some of civil wars
Relate the devastation, and suppose
That here,—perhaps a *thousand*-years ago,—
A bloody fight was fought, and, in the fray,
The vanquish'd flying o'er the treach'rous soil,
Unwary sunk, and found a timeless grave:
Or else, belike, say others, when the rage

Of battle ceas'd, and the low broad-orb'd sun
Hung o'er the western wave,—his farewel gleam,
Aslant, faint gilding many a closing eye,—
Or by the rising moon's more moureful light,—
Relentless hands committed to this gulph
The mangled dead, unshrouded !—coffinless !—
Unbless'd by kindred tear, or funeral rite,
Or death-bell, swinging heavy in the gale !

But likeliest tale is his, who says,—" of old,
In wilds like these, in forest or in cave,
Bands of audacious robbers held their sway,
Headed by potent chiefs,—like Sherwood's knights,
Who, lawless, kept the country round in awe.
To such, 'tis thought, some wealthy trav'ller here
Fell a sad victim; for a voice is heard,
Frequent at night, amid the neighb'ring trees,
Quaking aloud, like some unhappy wretch,
Struggling beneath the ruffian's throttling gripe !
And, hence, they call the wild spot,—Quaker's Wood :
No doubt the bones here, thus disturb'd, were his !
With Christian care, then let them be remov'd,
And buried deep in consecrated ground."

Nor do they deem it strange, that, long and large,
Beyond proportion of the present race,
Appear those human ruins :—they have heard,
Or read, how former times produced their men

Of firmer sinews, and of mightier bulk,
Such as encounter'd Warwick's valient earl,
The monstrous Colbrand ! or the giant breed,
Vanquish'd of Him,(p) who thence deriv'd a name,
Immortaliz'd in legendary tale,
That wakes in childhood's breast the marv'ling pow'rs.

Most opportunely, at this tragic scene,
Arriv'd poor Daniel,—for the waggoners
His converse lov'd, and frequently afield
Would take him, to enjoy the breezy morn,
Seated at ease aloft, and set him down
Beside some sloping bank, till their return :—
To his recital all attentive lend,
The list'ning ear ; and thus the purport runs—
" 'Tis now,—let's see,—some forty years ago,
For my son Robin was but then a lad,
And he, you know, was twenty years of age
Before his servitude with Farmer Jones,
And twenty years with him he liv'd, and ten
He, with our worthy Squire, has been abroad,—
Heaven only knows if I shall meet him more !—
So, as I said before, about this time
The smuggling trade through all the land was rife :
Then from the distant beach, on darksome nights,
When roll'd the thunder, and when roar'd the storm,
Across the country, wild, a desp'rate train,

With bludgeons arm'd, would urge their fearless way,
On steeds high-mettled, pendant at whose sides
The weighty casks were slung. To entertain
Those daring men, beneath yon barren hill,
Where badgers burrow deep in the red mould,
And prowling foxes whelp secure, there rose
A clay-built cottage, cloth'd the roof with broom,
And in the heathy covert round were dug
Dark caverns, to secrete the lawless stores,
In danger's hour:—the owner was a man
Who, if report says true, far better days
Had seen; but, when his changeful fortune frown'd
No deed was there too black to tempt his daring;
Ralph *of the Heath* they call'd him; and that name
Has still'd the voice of many a squalling imp,
And scar'd full many a schoolboy into duty:
Nay more,—the country folk, on market nights,
Would rather go some furlongs round about
Than pass his door—True, Heav'n alone can tell!
But it was rumour'd, much about the time
That our poor Dinah died, and the old elm,
That grew before our window, was cleft down
By a huge thunderbolt, amidst the storm,
He sought the neighb'ring cliff, whence runs a reef
Of pointed rocks far, far into the deep;
There as, at night-fall, flash'd along the wave

The signal of some vessel in distress,
He rais'd a treach'rous beacon, on the shore,
To lure the wretched seamen to their doom ;(q)
And there, in horrid silence, on the strand,
As the full tide roll'd in the bloated crew,
Th' inhuman monster stripp'd the ghastly dead !"
" Ah ! then," the hinds exclaim, while pale dismay
Quiver'd on ev'ry lip,—" deep in this bog
He plung'd the corpses ! Well,—but how could he
Convey them hither ?—Did old Satan lend
His helping hand, and on his crony's back,—
While moon and stars were muffl'd up in clouds,—
The dreadful burden lay, and light him on,
With his blue torch, across the pathless heath,
While all his imps danc'd round ?"—No, 'twas not so,"
Poor Daniel cried,—" Believe me,—no ! this Ralph
Had once a horse, nam'd *Jack*,—a favourite horse
Train'd to his master's hand."—" Ay, ay !" cries one,
" And so *he* brought them here !"—" Have patience friends,"
The old man cried, " and I will tell you all :—
Good Heav'n ! how fast the years of life roll on !
This happen'd near the time I lost my sight,—
Lost my last eye, I mean, by pointed furze

Put out, when loading faggots far afield,
Beside our common ; ere which time I kept
A jolly team, and many a colt I rear'd,
Of which poor *Jack* was one, a handsome roan,
Admir'd by all, but envied much by him,
Of whom I have been speaking,—so he vow'd
No price should part us ; and the ills of life
So heavy press'd on me, that I, at last,
Though with reluctance, yielded ; and poor *Jack*
Became his vassal ; and full well he learn'd
His master's trade : for he was teachable
And mild beyond expression ; not one vice
Was known to taint his youth ; so fleet his pace
He fear'd no rival, and so sure his foot,
That like the mountain-goat, he scal'd the cliffs,
And left the foil'd pursuer far behind.
He knew the footsteps of the trooper's horse,
At distance, clattering o'er the flinty road,
In chase of smugglers,—sharp he prick'd his ears,
And down by-ways, the place of rendezvous
Securely reach'd,—while oft, in deadly fray,
The hindmost join'd and desprate deeds were done
Sure you have heard how the king's officer
Was murder'd hereabouts, and how his ghost
Was seen to wander, headless, night by nigdt !"
Here Daniel, sighing, paus'd, and shook his head
And with his staff, sounded the marrowless

Dry bones, while each spectator stood unnerv'd,
And gazing, speechless :—cold the life-blood ran
Through every vein,—on every frizzled pate
The rushing hair began to mutiny,
As thus the moralizing sage rejoin'd—
" Vice can but have its day ; and though awhile
It flourishes and prospers, Heaven is just,
And it has judgements terrible and sure !
Much of his ill-gain'd wealth the rigid laws
Had made old Ralph refund ; but still his horse
Remain'd unnotic'd, rambling o,er the heath,
Amid his ragged friends, all day ; at night
His master's business call'd him,—none knew where !
To scenes of plunder,—to the ponds, or woods,
Where nets and snares surrender'd up their stores,
Of various game, safe to the poacher's hand ;
And, much it was suspected, he had seen,
On the high way, crimes of far blacker dye,—
Of robb'ries and of murders, strange reports
Then frequently alarm'd the country round.
Well,—'twas a wicked life !—But you shall
hear ;—
Upon one cold and dark December night,
When the rain, beating, smok'd along the roads,
Delug'd in muddy torrents, bubbling down
From the bare hills and while so bleak it blew,
That, to the banks and brakes, the cattle skulk'd,

With tails clench'd close between their shiv'ring hams,
And from the cottage fire-place, every stool
Drew back, lest from the rocking chimney loos'd,
Some fatal brick should fall; and, fear'd, around,
E'en children stood, with finger rais'd, and cried,—
'Hark, father!—hark!'—while all would heave a sigh
Of pity for the poor belated wretch,
Far,—far from home,—where not a hovel low,
Or bush or tree, kind shelter lends,—but most
For him, who, on the broad and trackless main,
Beat up and down hears but one constant din
Of winds and billows, while his found'ring hull
Drives near and nearer to the dreaded shore:—
Upon that night, bent on some black exploit,
It is surmis'd, old Ralph, out-sallying, sought
His trusty steed: along the marish wild,
The pale light from his batter'd lantern stream'd,
Now here, now there, by fits, quick glancing oft
Across the stagnant pool, or quiv'ring danc'd
Among the dripping fern: his well known voice
Poor *Jack* attended; and the gladsome neigh
Bespoke his near approach:—but, ah! no more
Were they to meet,—between them lay this bog—
Down rush'd the sudden blast, and, whirling, quench'd

The feeble light—The black night shut around
With double darkness! E'en the harden'd heart
Of Ralph beat fast within him; conscience then
Fill'd him with terrors; if he rais'd his foot
He knew not where to set it next: no sound
Of human help was near: his various crimes
Rush'd all upon his mind. He would have pray'd,
But knew not how. Poor *Jack* loud snorted, nigh!—
His master strech'd his arms,—but stretch'd in vain,
To save a *faithful servant* from his fate,—
He heard the sudden plunge,—the final groan,—
And all was silent!—So you see:—But, hark!
The waggon comes,—Some drops begin to fall,
Your dinner hour is nigh; and so,—good day."

Lyric Pieces, &c.

RADIPOLE :(r)

A Familiar Ballad.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. H—

FAR shining down the deep-green vales,
Methinks, the wand'ring Wey I trace,
Beside whose willowy borders fair
I oft have rov'd, with idling pace;
And still, upon the neighb'ring slope,
Where, o'er the lane, the thick elms spread,
I see a *long-remember'd cot*
Present its unambitious head.
Ah! tell me, Kitty, know not you
Who owns that lone, obscure retreat,—
Where we have shar'd the sweetest hour
That Love could give,—with bliss replete?
Yes! there the virtuous lover's friend,
Dame Ellis, spread her rural store
On ev'ry "sunshine holiday,"
And open set her cheerful door.
In rustic stile, hot cakes she brought,
And, on a sturdy stool of oak,
Her cleanly equipage would shine,

Her tea, delightful bev'rage! smoke;
And while each brimming cup she fill'd,
And serv'd around her happy guest,
Full many a tale she had to tell,
Long stor'd and cherish'd in her breast,—
How such a youth and such a maid,
Here first exchang'd their mutual vows;
And how they shortly after prov'd
A faithful wife and faithful spouse.
And she, with penetrating skill,
Could tell if suitors were sincere;
Would rovers chide, with matron grace,
And lecture the capricious fair.
And had she,—partner of my life!—
Think you, indeed, the Sybil's art,
When she pronounced *our* passion pure,
And read the language of the heart?
Own you her skill?—For, many a year,
Thro' many a varied scene the same,
In brightest days, or darkest hours,
Have we not felt Affection's flame?
Sometimes the dame, to sadder themes,
With retrospective view, would turn,
And o'er her comforts, past and gone,
With momentary anguish mourn.
Full forty years are now elaps'd,
Since in yon church, beside the hill,

Her blithesome Robin heard her vows ;—
And dear she holds his mem'ry still !
Tho' twenty summers now are flown,
And twenty winters, long and drear,
Since, on that churchyard's grassy sod,
O'er him she shed the fun'ral tear.
And still, on bridal morns, when gay,
The happy, nuptial pairs pass by,
And the melodious bells strike out,
The big drop trickles from her eye :
Tho' oft, she says, have honest swains
Woo'd her to change her widow'd state,—
But, no !—unmov'd, she heard their vows,—
'Twas then too soon !—'tis now too late !
Nor would she that lov'd *name* forego
A husband gave,—her boast and pride :
Tho' wealth, with all its gaudes, should sue,
Or pain, or poverty, betide.
The garden, fenc'd with rugged thorn,
Behind her mud-wall'd cot outspread,
Beneath her cultivating hand,
Affords the stores that give her bread :
Bright, on the bush, plump gooseberries shine ;
Like clust'ring grapes, her currants glow ;
With pears and codlins, bend her trees,
And pinks and lupines wave below.
Close shelter'd, in a sunny nook,

Rang'd in a row, her hives appear,
Where toil her bees,—a favour'd race,
To form nectareous treasures there.
Here all her visitants she leads,
And guides their steps, with social pride,
Round her domain; nor to their wish
Is choicest flower, or fruit, denied.
Fondly she shows the chicken-train,
Or waddling duck's amphibious brood;
And, as of past success she tells,
Cries,—"Providence, my friends, is good!"
In harvest months, she oft is seen
Gleaning the lane, where bearded corn,
Brush'd from the waggon's lofty load,
Dangles from ev'ry pilf'ring thorn;
And oft she picks the scatter'd sprays,
Beneath the clam'rous rook'ry's shade,
To feed her little ev'ning fire,
And light her at her spinning trade.
Her tarts and custards long have been,
By rustics, deem'd a luscious treat;
And even, at the dantier town,
Sure sale *her* delicacies meet.—
Thither, when, cheerful as the morn,
She trudges with her basket's load,
Full many a well-known face she greets,
And e'en to Fortune's proud abode

The dame is known,—and welcom'd too,
For well her worth is understood;
And still, amid her toils and cares,
She proves, that—*Providence is good!*

POOR JACK GILBERT.

"GIVE me my staff," old Humphrey said,
"It looks as tho' it would be fair;
I think I'll crawl to town to day,
To hear what news is stirring there:
'Tis more than five long months ago,
Since last we heard from our poor Jack;
And when at first he march'd away,
His mother cried '*He'll ne'er come back!*
But now, they say, a rumour flies,
This cruel war will soon be o'er;
O! should our wand'ring boy return,
He never then shall leave us more!"
Old Humphrey takes his hat and staff,
Draws on his pair of clean yarn hose,
And thro' the furze, and o'er the down,
Deep plodding, to the town he goes.
The village youths were all afield,
The damsels too, a buxom throng;

But poor Jack Gilbert was not there,
To toil the barley cocks among.
The hounds sung sweetly o'er the plain,
The eager youngsters join'd the race;
But poor Jack Gilbert was not there,
Nor heard the hounds, nor join'd the chase!
Oft as the old man sits him down,
To give his lame leg welcome rest,
A thousand hopes and fears intrude,
And many a sigh escapes his breast.
But still his aching heart he cheers
Witth this,—"a *Peace* will shortly come;
And when our wand'ring boy returns,
He never, never more, shall roam!
O! what a tale he'll have to tell,
Of all the hardships he has seen,
At winter, by the ev'ning fire.
In summer, on the crowded green?"
With lighter spirits up he starts,
And on, with quicken'd step, he fares,
Till at the market place arriv'd,—
A doleful tale arrests his ears:
The neighbours said, the regiment brave,
In which Jack Gilbert erst had gone,
Was cut in pieces by the foe,
And none escap'd the sword,—not one!

'Twas done !—Poor Humphrey back return'd,
His hopes, his cares, his prospects o'er,
He sought his solitary heath,
And never held his head up more !

CATHARINE.

THE moon was up,—her lucid light
Slept peaceful on the broad, cool main ;
No sweeping cloud, with envious flight,
Drew o'er the skies its vapoury train,
When Cath'rine, on the silent strand,
In sable weeds, was seen to stray ;
And frequent, with her lily hand,
She wip'd the trickling tear away :
For Edmund, ere his tall brig sail'd,
Had bade his maid forbear to moan ;
And vow'd, if aught his pray'rs avail'd,
To make her blest at his return :
But since that inauspicious day,
Full many a storm its rage had spent,
And Ocean, with relentless sway,
His thousands to the bottom sent !
Each languid hope had now expir'd,
That long her drooping heart deceiv'd,
And, as each rolling wave retir'd,

In unison her bosom heav'd.
More fresh the breeze began to blow,
The shadowy cliff return'd its sigh ;—
When, gliding round the point below,
The dark boat caught her ling'ring eye.
Afar she saw the dipping oar
Quick glancing to the lunar beam ;
And, gaining fast upon the shore,
Beheld the rippling water's gleam
While, thro' the stillness of the skies,
The clamours of the jovial crew,
In floating strains were heard to rise,
Her Edmund's welcome voice she knew.
She flies !—she hails him to the shore !—
Of constancy she claims the meed :—
In sable weeds she mourns no more ;
But Cath'rine now is blest indeed !

PATTY.

WHEN morning first open'd her dew dripping eye,
And the tapers of night disappear'd,
While the light curling steams on the blue river lie,
And the mill-wheel at distance is heard,

With her pail on her head, and a-kimbo her arms,
Young Patty, the pride of the vale,
Unconscious of half her superlative charms,
Trod the meadows, and breath'd the sweet gale.
Each shepherd that pass'd her look'd wistful behind,
Admiring her shape and her air;
The cows hear her call, on their green bed reclin'd
And rising, to meet her, repair.
The plowman who once shar'd her hand in the dance,
That triumph could never forget;
Each sweet artless smile would the favour enhance,
And render the rapture complete!
But Patty, at length, of her beauty grown vain,
Relinquish'd the vale for the town;
And listen'd to Flatt'ry's mellifluent strain,
Till her peace and her comforts were gone!
Then oft, while the salt tear bedew'd her dark eye,
She reflected on pleasures long past;
Nor shepherd, nor ploughman attended her sigh,
As the moments of youth ran to waste.
O, poor hapless maiden! more blest hadst thou been,
Had Nature but form'd thee less fair,
Or made thee,—still bounding each wish to the green,
Some peasants ambition and care.

IMPERTINENCE REWARDED.

TOM Hoggard was a waggish lad
As any in the village,
And three lean steeds were all he had,
For riding, draught, and tillage:
With faggots, to the neighb'ring town,
Oft crept his creaking waggon,
While slow, along the dusty down,
Behind the swain would lag on.
And always, as that road he pass'd,
A bonny Scot would meet him,
With weighty pack his shoulders grac'd,
And thus was sure to greet him,
"Ho, *Joskin!* laddy, what d'ye buy?
I've muslins choice and plenty,
Lawns, laces, cambrics, purchase, try,
I warrant I'll content ye."
Thus, once or twice a week at least,
He found himself embarras'd,
And studied hard to turn the jest
On him who teiz'd and harrass'd.
One day, as usual, on his road,
He met the *merchant* toiling;
And hail'd him thus,—"Man, pitch your load,

And cease from your turmoiling ;
I want an *article* or *two*,
Come let us *see* your treasure."
" Ay," said the Scotchman, " that I'll do,
And that wi' muckle pleasure."
With this the lumb'ring pack he pitch'd,—
First loosen'd from his shoulders,—
With wealth of either Ind enrich'd,
The wonder of beholders !
With two brown hands upon the lid,
Tom stood, and lean'd him over :
While Sawney rummag'd ev'ry thread,
Its beauties to discover.
He held his pieces to the sun,
And, claiming due attention,
His chapman told, of ev'ry one,
The praise he scarce could mention.
" Nor this, nor that;" Tom coolly cried,
" Will suit my inclination :"
The trader's smile his heart belied,
That rankled with vexation :
" But tell me plainly what you want ?"
The testy Scotchman grumbled.
" Why,—what your *walking warehouse* ha'n't,"
The crafty Thomas mumbled ;

Then added,—with a sneering smile,
" Your search, you may forbear it;
I wanted a *vore waggon wheel*,
But you ha, *nothing near it?*"

EPITAPH,

To the Memory of F. Steward, Esq.

Of Weymouth.

DEEP rooted in the soil of human woe,
Tho' round this tomb no blood-stain'd laurels grow,
Tho' HE, who here enjoys a sweet repose,
Ne'er sought that fame which Pride to Flattery owes;
Nor, ostentatious, rear'd the pile sublime,
To bid defiance to the sythe of Time,—
Whose sculpter'd tablets, for remotest days,
Record his *benefactions*, with his *praise*,—
Yet, if the private virtues still and dear,—
Unbounded Charity, and Truth sincere,—
The heart to genuine Sympathy inclin'd,
The ardent wish to benefit mankind,
The generous deed, that shuns the public eye,
The breast that heaves, for others woes, the sigh;

Whoe'er thou art, that tread'st this sacred sod,
Drop the warm tear, and bow, submiss, to God,
Whose wond'rous hand, that rules with mystic sway,
In mercy gives, in wisdom takes away.

STANZAS,

ON A PROSPECT OF PEACE.

HAS Heav'n, at length, in mercy, heard
A people's vows, a nation's pray'rs,
In bitterness of soul prefer'd,
And mingled with innumerous tears?
Sad Poverty's dejected band
Forbear to heave the bursting sigh;
Kind Pity yet, with softest hand,
Shall wipe the drop from every eye.
The laughing fields shall yield their store,
Obedient to the lab'ring swain,
And happy villages, once more,
Shall cheer the prospects of the plain.
The soldier to his native vale
Shall fly, to snatch the kiss of love;
And oft the rustic-veteran's tale,
Compassion's tenderest nerve shall move.
His little offspring yet shall share,
In calm retirement's tranquil shade,

An anxious sire's protective care,
More dear by tedious absence made.
Ye flaming bulwarks of the main!
That late its realm with purple dyed,
Alone, its commerce to maintain,
In stately grandeur cleave the tide.
Where'er they meet, with view sublime,
On Hospitality's broad plan,
May generous *Man*, in every clime,
With rapture, hail his *Brother Man!*
O, Thou! whose hand the thunder wields,—
Thou! who unchain'dst the fiend of War,
From ravag'd lands, and blood-stain'd fields,
For ever chase his gory car!
O! reinstate the *dove-eyed* Power;
Firm fix her adamantine throne,
While not one brooding storm shall lour,
Nor rebel heart her rights disown.
Sweet Concord, breathe thro' every soul,—
A holy calm!—Let faction cease;
And round the globe, from pole to pole,
Bid weary lands repose in peace.

October 3, 1801.

NOTES.

(*a*) Line 32. "Faithful *Keeper*," &c. His dog.

(*b*) Line 223. However the moderns may affect to despise it, agriculture was the pride and boast of our forefathers; and it has been justly called "the grand art which is the foundation of all commercial materials and dealings."

POSTELTHWAYT.

(*c*) Lines 245 and 246. The author by no means positively *asserts*, that our refinement is the *only*, or *absolute source* of our calamities; nor does he infer that a state of barbarism is a state of true happiness: his retrospective view extends not even to the distance of the feudal ages, when every liberal scheme of public utility was equally, neglected; but merely to those times,—

——"Ere England's woes began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man."

"As every other animal is in its natural state, when in the situation which its instinct requires, so Man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the native savage, who feeds upon acorns, and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man; but, if there be

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any propriety in this assereion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage, therefore, live in a state contrary to the apppintment of Nature, it must follow that he is not so happy as Nature intended him to be."

MICKLE's *Introduction to the Lusiad.*

(*d*) Line 255. "The relinquishment of this good old custom, and the introduction of the baneful one of sample-dealing, have been productive of the greatest evils to this nation at large."

ANON.

(*e*) Line 266. "Barton gate." Barton, a word, well known in the west of England, for farm-yard, with outhouses, &c.

See Dr. Johnson's Dict.

(*f*) Line 449. "It has been fully proved, than one half of the produce of all our lands is now consumed by horses. Does not true political economy require, in this case, the exportation, or other means of getting rid of 50,000 horses, kept for parade or pleasure, independant of those which are usefully employed, and which consume annually 3, 250,000 quarters of oats?"

MORTIMER's *Lect.*

(*g*) Line 467. The author does not here pass a general censure on poor houses, but condemns

the policy that, from a state of comfort and independence, subjects the labouring class of people to those mansions of misery, by incapacitating them from supporting themselves; and pays too little attention to the regulations of such institutions, the management of which is frequently left to the most careless, negligent, and unfeeling members of the community.

(*h*) Line 515. "Ganges," &c. The hindoos deem it sacred.

(*i*) Line 530. Timur, notwithstanding the blandishments of poetry, was undoubtedly a tyrant, only in a degree less than Bajazet, on whom he is said to have inflicted the punishments intended for himself, had he been defeated in his engagement with that monarch.

(*k*) Line 549. This was wtitten at a time when our national affairs, both at home and abroad, presented the most gloomy and threatning aspect.

(*l*) Line 67. "Fording pole." A pole used for leaping the ditches, fording small rivers, &c.

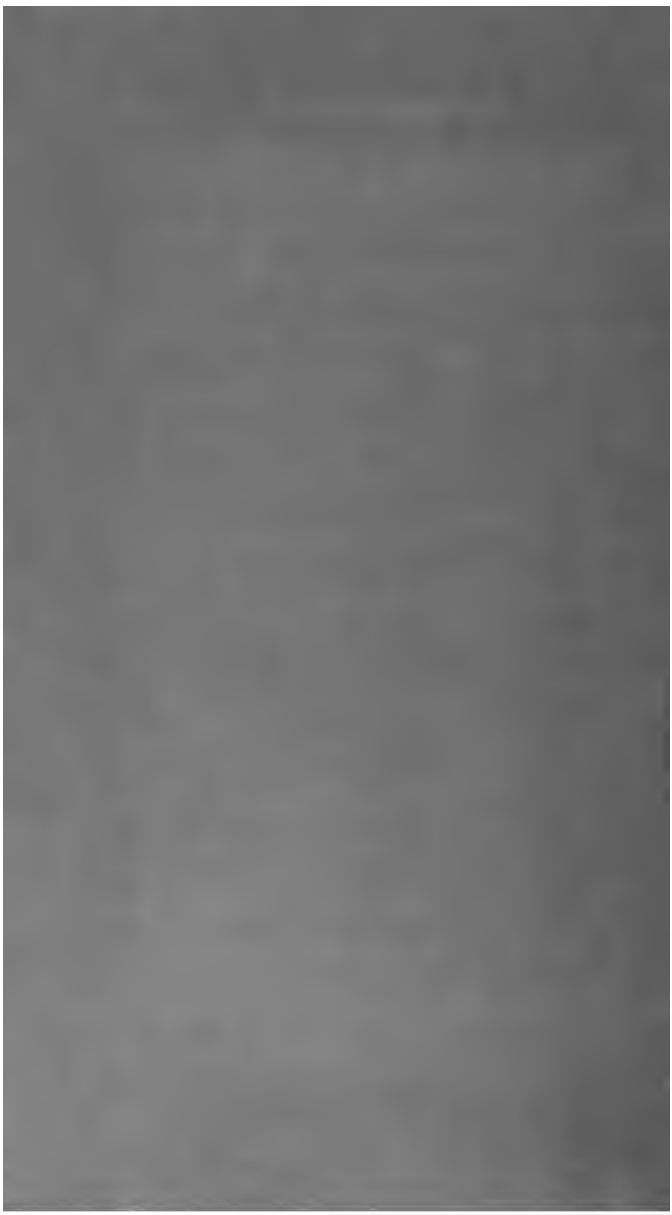
(*m*) Line 429. The above passage was written during our late arduous conflict with the French power of Egypt.

(*n*) Line 437. Much has been said about our degeneracy in arms, and the effeminacy of modern times; but the man of strict observation cannot

but acknowledge that, with all our vices, the present naval and military heroes of our country may justly dispute the laurel with those of any former age.

(*o*) Line 22. "Clerk's-ale-tide." A term well known in the West of England for the season of Easter, when the parish clerks sell cakes, and give their ale to the neighbours; in return for the latter of which, they make an optional compensation.

(*p*) Line 78. "Vanquish'd by Him," Jack the Giant-killer.

(*q*)———"yonder faithless phantom flies,
v. 129. To lure thee to thy doom." *Goldsmith.*

(*r*) A scatter'd, but romantic, little village, on the banks of the river Wey, about two miles from Weymouth. The *Dame*, here described, is a well known character at that place: to whom the author does not, however, by what follows, mean to attribute the gift of *Fortune-telling*, for he believes her to be superior to the arts of dissimulation.